Troubled Past Resurfacing - 'I know you hate me'

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by reid_simp

Summary

“I stopped dreaming of Grace four years ago,” Tommy whispers to Lizzie. He'd carefully constructed his first words in the doorway for the last week he’s spent at Ada’s house.

tommy goes to Lizzie after the end of season 6 to explain everything, starting with why he had to push her away

“I stopped dreaming of Grace four years ago,” Tommy whispers to Lizzie. He'd carefully constructed his first words in the doorway for the last week he’s spent at Ada’s house.

“What?” Lizzie had almost shut the door on him when he hadn’t spoken or responded for almost twenty seconds. He'd stared at the floor, looking lost. “Tommy, what are you doing? Everyone’s been worried sick. You were supposed to call about seeing Charlie.”

Tommy doesn’t listen because the next words he says are prepared, practiced. “I stopped dreaming about her because our marriage became real. I know you won’t believe me, but I meant it when I said we’d stop. Me, you, Ruby and Charlie; we were meant to go far away together.” His voice cracks at the name of his daughter, and he clears his throat. “I was out on the fields, and I had a dream. I dreamt that we’d gone to Canada together. Ruby was with us. I woke up in the wagon, and I was crying. Fucking crying, and I realised the only thing I wanted to do was hold you, feel you with me, hear you breathing and have your smell around me. I realised it was what I needed.”

Lizzie goes to talk, but Tommy continues. “I did what I did for my legacy. For the contract, the houses. I did it in the same way I drank with Alfie, went hunting with Mosley. It's her twisted way of shaking hands. I didn’t want it. I did it to push you away. So you’d leave. So I could... could go... alone.” He pauses. Lizzie doesn’t try. “My doctor came. Tuberculoma. Same as Ruby, but as a tumour on my brain stem. Incurable.”

Lizzie gasps, hand up to her mouth. There are tears in her eyes and so Tommy works quickly to diffuse. “Fucking fascists. Wanted my better nature to kill me so they could keep their hands clean. I couldn’t let myself grow weak, could I?” His next breath in is shaky. “But Ruby came, Pol sent her. She showed me the truth and saved me.”

“I know you hate me, and I’m the last person you want to see. I guarantee, however much you hate me, I hate myself more. Always have.”

Lizzie can’t help herself, despite working to be a strong woman and refusing to ever return to Tommy, refuse to let him get away with it this time, she steps to the side of the door to let him in. He sinks his head down, so he doesn’t have to look her in the eyes. The little things she sees in him, his little quirks that remind her he’s human. “Do you want tea?” she asks, but Tommy pales. He looks rather thin, she thinks. Gone back to hardly eating again, then. She supposes now isn’t the time to force this. He's being as vulnerable as he can already.

“No, thank you.” He pauses, looks around. “Is... is Charlie here?”

“No, he’s out with Arthur and Billy.” Tommy almost smiles. Good to hear Arthur’s okay, even if Ada kept reassuring him. “Where... where have you been all this time?” Stops. “I was worried, Tommy.”

“I’m sorry... you weren’t meant to be worried.”

“We care about you, Tommy. We know you do what you do for us, okay? And we hate you for it sometimes, but it’s also why we love you.” She pauses. “What I love most about you is

how you check the doors each night. I know it comes from a bad place, from bad memories, but I know you're doing it to protect us."

"I've had people on the doors... to make sure you're okay. I made sure Ada kept that up."

"Tommy, I know. But just- just listen, okay?" She takes hold of his hand in both of hers. "You're not just money and protection to us- to me, okay. You're more than money to me. You're my husband, and together we made Ruby. She's not- she's not with us, but we made them first years happen, okay? And you're my husband because over Christmas you make us breakfast in bed, and bring lunch up to us when the staff go home. You give them bonuses and pay them too much but not just because you're money."

"I blew up the house..." It's a statement, telling her, as though a massive fucking explosion in the middle of nowhere where the nearest people are very very wealthy, that made national news, escpecially as the owner of the house is a fucking MP, wouldn't have made the news of his wife. "Couldn't fucking... fucking look at it anymore..."

"I wanted to blow it up."

"I know." He breathes deeply a few times. "I wanted to blow it up, too."

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